

It Made No Difference.
And may I—may I ask your father's consent, dear Miss Jane?
Pop's gone to war, but that don't make no difference—you'd have to ask maw anyway.

Hard Luck.
Mrs. Hobsleigh—Does your daughter expect to graduate from the high school this year?
Mrs. Wedgwood—She did expect to, but our dressmaker is sick, and I'm afraid Jessie will have to put it off until next term.

Dangerous Apparitions.
Every one in a while a ghost crops up in the columns of the daily or weekly press. This ghastly spirit sometimes assumes the part of a promenade on some lonely road, who terrifies belated travelers out of their wits. Few people credit these blood curdling accounts of the doings of his ghostship, but there is a tenement which is unquestionably haunted at times. When a nervous malady attacks the human tenement the manifestations are most appalling, and usually most violent at night. Sleeplessness, if nervousness is disregarded, becomes chronic, and the entire system suffers in consequence. For disturbance of the nerves Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a thorough remedy, and it also is for malaria, rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness.

A Shattered Romance.
Edith—I suppose you are getting lovely letters from your soldier admirer.
May—Dear me, no; he turns out not to have a soul above the salt pork which he complains they are feeding him on.

Mr. John Bevins, editor of the Press, Anthon, Ia., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family for fifteen years, have recommended it to hundreds of others, and have never known it to fail in a single instance. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

Every Inch a Duchess.
First Duke—Why don't you travel incognito, as I do? It's far pleasanter.
Second Duke—Yes, but my wife always goes with me, and I married an American.

I was seriously afflicted with a cough for several years, and last year had a more severe cough than ever before. I have used many remedies without receiving much relief, and being recommended to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, by a friend, who, knowing me to be a poor widow, gave it to me, I tried it, and with the most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved me very much and the second bottle has absolutely cured me. I have not had as good health for twenty years. I give this certificate without solicitation, simply in appreciation of the gratitude felt for the cure effected—Respectfully, Mrs. Mary A. Beard, Claremore, Ark. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

Discouraging.
Bob—What's the matter? Has the waitress refused you?
Dick—Well, I don't know as you could call it a refusal exactly, but we had hardly got seated in the parlor before she said it was a pity that all our best men had gone to war.

Bad management keeps more people in poor circumstances than any other one cause. To be successful one must look ahead and plan ahead so that when a favorable opportunity presents itself he is ready to take advantage of it. A little forethought will also save much expense and valuable time. A prudent and careful man will keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, the shiftless fellow will wait until necessity compels it and then ruin his best horse going for a doctor and have a big doctor bill to pay, besides; one pays out 25 cents, the other is out a hundred dollars and then wonders why his neighbor is getting richer while he is getting poorer. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

Quite a Difference.
What are you doing now? asked the leading lady.
What am I doing? echoed the subreptic. I wish you to know that the son of a millionaire is a 'who' and not 'what.'

Circumstances Favored Him.
Mr. P. Ketcham, of Pike City, Cal., says: "During my brother's late sickness from catarrh of the bladder, Chamberlain's Pain Balm was the only remedy that gave him any relief." Many others have testified to the prompt relief from pain which this liniment affords. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

The Only Way We Know.
Kind Old Party to sobbing urchin—My little lad, you shouldn't cry that way.
Urchin—What other way kin I cry.

National Educational Association Meeting.
Washington, D. C., July 7-12, 1898.

For the above occasion the Santa Fe Route will place on sale tickets to Washington, D. C., and return at a rate of \$35.50 for the round trip. Tickets will be sold July 2, 3 and 4, good for return passage until July 15. Extension of limit will be granted by depositing tickets with and paying 50 cents to the joint agent at Washington on or before July 12, enabling holder to leave Washington as late as August 31, 1898. For further particulars call on agents of the Santa Fe Route.

H. S. Lutz, Agent,
Santa Fe, N. M.
W. J. Black, G. P. A.,
Topeka, Kas.

Notice for Publication.
(Homestead Entry No. 4160.)
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M.,
June 17, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register or receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on July 25, 1898, viz: Manuel D. Equibell, for the lot 4, sec. 1, lots 1, 2 and 3, sec. 14, sec. 2, pt. 27 n. e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Perfecto Equibell, Santiago Martinez, Pila del Montano, Antonio Jose Equibell, of Tierra Amarilla, N. M.
MANUEL R. ORTIZ, Register.

DR. GUNN'S
For People That Are Sick or Just Don't Feel Well.
Only One For a Dose.
Gunn's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and Grocers. Write to a box at drugstore or mail Sample Free, address Dr. Gunn, St. Paul, Pa.

A Forgotten Pleasure.
Rector short-sighted—Well, Richard hard at work eh? Let me see. You are Richard, aren't you?
Laborer—No, sir; O be John, sir. You had the pleasure of burying Richard last week, remember sir.

Not Built to Retire.
Do you think you could stand the marching if you enlisted? You are pretty stout. I could stand the marching all right; but I couldn't stand the running.

MY LITTLE LOVE OF LONG AGO.
My little love of long ago
(How sweetly fly the tired years),
She told me solemnly and low
Of all her hopes and all her fears.
She feared the dangers of the way,
The striving and the working day,
That waited far across the sea,
The loneliness of missing me,
The loneliness of missing me,
My little love of long ago.

For she had faith in everything
(How sweetly fly the tired years),
A heart that could not help but sing
And blossomed out amid the flowers.
My loving was its best refrain,
My loving was its sweetest pain,
She solved it all upon my knee,
The loneliness of missing me,
I kissed and comforted her so,
My little love of long ago.

My little love of long ago
(How sweetly fly the tired years),
Such little feet to stumble slow
Along the darkest of life's ways,
While time and distance and the sea,
Or my poor, careless heart maybe,
Could not have told from spring to spring
Saddened all is not to know
My little love of long ago.
—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

INVISIBLE FRIEND.

The members around the clubhouse fire were talking of the prospects of the spring road races, and from that the conversation turned to road racing in general, and every member had some experience to tell. Only the wheelman who had traveled was silent, as was his wont until stirred to tell some tale of wild adventure by the questions of his companions, who seemed not more than to half believe his stories and yet to feel that they were really true, such indisputable proofs did the traveled one always present. On this occasion it was the club's road race champion, a member who wore a string of century bars three yards long, who said sarcastically, "I suppose you've been the greatest road racer of all of us, haven't you?"

"I won't say that exactly," replied the wheelman who had traveled, "but there was a time when I would have backed myself against the best man in the business. That time has passed and will never return, but if I should tell you the story you wouldn't believe it, so what's the use?"

"Come on, tell it," broke in the bugler. "Don't mind him. He thinks he's the only tune the orchestra can play just because he's got a few bars." The wheelman who had traveled put his hand in his pocket and drew out a plain leather pipe case. Without a word he opened it and passed it to the club captain, who examined it curiously, for the traveled one's manner presaged a story.

"I don't see anything about road racing in that," remarked the captain.
"What's in it?" asked the champion liar.
"Nothing apparently," responded the captain, and, in fact, the case appeared to be empty.

"Feel of the inside," suggested the wheelman who had traveled. The captain obeyed the suggestion and started as though he had been struck.
"Why, there's a pipe there, but I can't see it," he exclaimed.

The other members felt of the inside of the case, and, sure enough, plain to the touch, but at the same time absolutely invisible, was a pipe. The wheelman who had traveled took the case, lifted something out of it apparently and held it up. His hand appeared to be empty.
"What is it—a fine piece of glass?" asked the member with the pink golf socks.

"Not a bit of it," answered the possessor of the wonderful pipe. "That pipe is a relic of the most faithful friend I ever had and one who saved my life on more than one occasion. I never hear road racing spoken of without thinking of him. Give me some tobacco, some one, and I'll tell you why I prize this pipe so highly."

The other members watched him curiously as he rammed the tobacco down into the empty air apparently, and they shrank away from him as though he were something uncanny as they saw the smoke rise from a distance of several inches from the smoker's mouth, but the member who had traveled settled back in his chair and began:

"It was in the winter following my disastrous experience at ostrich farming in Africa that I decided a change of air would be necessary, and I consequently went to Australia, where it was then summer, of course. I had an idea that there might be some good touring in that country, and I took my wheel along as a matter of course. I landed at Melbourne and found the town very dull. I wheeled along near the coast to Sydney and found it no livelier there, so I made up my mind to strike for the interior of New South Wales. I was warned that it would be dangerous to venture far into the bush alone, but I had plenty of nerve in those days and started out feeling better than I had ever felt in my life.

hoping that whatever it was would go away and leave me alone. All sorts of thoughts went through my head in that brief instant. I recollected all the stories I had ever heard of men and animals that could make themselves invisible, and while I had never believed any of them I remembered that some scientific men had held that it was possible for organic matter to become as transparent as inorganic under certain conditions and present neither of the phenomena of refraction and reflection of light. I was convinced in a moment that some beast possessing such qualities was confronting me, I felt a hairy paw caressing my hand. Instead of being frightened at this unexpected demonstration I was reassured, for there was something in the touch that assured me that my life was in no danger, but that on the contrary the thing, whatever it was, was trying to make friends with me. I grasped the paw in my hand and was reassured by what sounded like a grunt of whose existence I had no longer the slightest doubt.

"Resolved to ascertain what kind of a thing this was, I drew it closer to me and began to feel of it. The thing stood perfectly quiet, and it was not long before I recognized the fact that it was a kangaroo of enormous size, but absolutely invisible.

"Well, to cut a long story short, the kangaroo developed the strongest attachment for me and followed me wherever I went. I trained it to tow me up hills and sometimes across the level plains, its easy method of progression by great jumps carrying me along far more swiftly than I could have pedaled. If the kangaroo strayed away, all I had to do was to whistle, and it would come to me, bounding across the open with great leaps, the progress of which I could trace by the depression in the grass where it alighted, although I could not see the beast itself.

"One day we struck a gold mining camp, and I decided to stay there for a few days. On the first night of my stay, however, I got into an altercation with one of the miners, who was intoxicated, and he drew his revolver and fired at me. My faithful kangaroo, unseen, stepped between us and saved the bullet himself, as I afterward learned, although it was a mystery to me as well as to the bystanders that I did not fall with a bullet in my brain. At the same instant the kangaroo struck out with his powerful hind leg and caught the miner full in the solar plexus, knocking him out completely. The whole affair was so sudden that none realized what had occurred, and some were inclined to believe that the ruffian had had a stroke of apoplexy. I went to my hotel, and they took the miner to his shanty.

"Along toward morning I was awakened by my host, a decent sort of escaped convict, and informed that the miner had died and that some of his friends were going to carry out the design which he had formed before his death of killing me. 'I don't dare lend you a horse,' said the man, 'but you get on your wheel and ride away as fast as you can, or they'll catch you sure.'

"I started out promptly, for I did not want to be the object of a vigilance committee's deliberations, and was soon wheeling over the plains. I had my faithful kangaroo at my side, and I noticed that he coughed and appeared, from the sound, to be spitting blood. This puzzled me at first, but I quickly realized that he must have been shot in the lung, and I felt more sorrow than I can express at the thought.

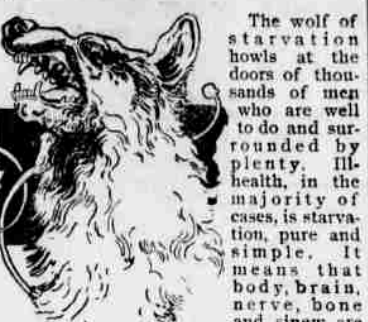
"I was setting a pretty good pace, but it was not long before I heard the sound of hoofs far behind me, and looking back I saw four horsemen following me at full gallop. I realized that they were the dead miner's friends, and also that there was no chance of escaping them, for my wheel was in bad condition, sadly in need of oiling, and it was impossible to ride it over the rough surface of the trail as fast as the swift bush horses could gallop. There was only one thing to do. I called the kangaroo toward me and attached my stout garrobo lariat to his enormous tail, tying the other end to the head of my bicycle. I chirruped, and the faithful beast started off with leaps and bounds that nearly unseated me, but I managed to stick on, and soon saw that I was distancing my pursuers. I was not satisfied with that, however, but resolved that I must not slacken speed until safely beyond their radius of action. I urged my invisible motive power on to greater efforts, and before sundown we were more than 200 miles away from the mining camp.

"It was just as the sun was sinking over the trees that the kangaroo stopped short, and as I rode forward the wheel struck his prostrate body. I dismounted and knelt beside him. As I did so I felt the warm lifeblood pouring from a great wound in his side, heard a faint moan, and then the poor beast licked my hand, gasped convulsively and died. He had given his life to save me."

The wheelman who had traveled paused, knocked the ashes from the invisible pipe, replaced it in its case and wiped away a tear.
"But what of the pipe?" asked one of the members.
"Oh, yes—the pipe. Well, I rode on toward civilization, not daring to stay in those parts much longer, and the following spring I went over the same ground again with a large party. We found at the spot where I had left the dead kangaroo the skeleton bodies of four horses and their riders. I realized at once what had happened. My pursuers had followed me, their horses had stumbled over the invisible body of the dead kangaroo, and they had all been killed. The fact that the neck of each corpse was broken proved my theory. I groped among the bones for those of my faithful friend and soon found them. I placed several of them in my traveling case, and when I returned to Buffalo I had this pipe made from two of them. The rest I mislaid and have never found them. I may stumble across them some day."—Buffalo Express.

Notice for Publication.
(Homestead Entry No. 3670.)
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M.,
June 17, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register or receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on July 25, 1898, viz: Henry A. Monte, for the w. 1/4, sec. 1, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, sec. 17, pt. 27 n. e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Salvador Gonzales, Juan Gonzales, Sambrano Gureto, Juan Martin, of Glorieta, N. M.
MANUEL R. ORTIZ, Register.



The wolf of starvation howls at thousands of men who are well to do and surrounded by plenty of food, in the majority of cases, is starvation, pure and simple. It means that body, brain, nerve, bone and sinew are improperly or insufficiently nourished. Improper, insufficient nourishment is starvation. When a man's head aches it is because the tissues of the brain do not receive sufficient nourishment from the blood, or receive impure and unhealthy nourishment. When a man gets nervous and sleepless, it means that the blood is not properly nourishing the nerves. When his skin breaks out in blotches and pimples and eruptions, it means that the skin is being fed upon the impurities of the blood. Almost every known disease is primarily due to improper nourishment through the blood, which is the life-stream. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the greatest of all blood-makers and purifiers. It gives edge to the appetite, corrects all disorders of the digestion, makes the assimilation of the life-giving elements of the food perfect, invigorates the liver, promotes secretion and excretion, and vitalizes the whole body. It makes firm, muscular flesh, but does not make corpulent people more corpulent. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of lingering coughs, bronchitis, throat and kindred affections, which, if neglected, lead up to consumption. It is the best of all nerve tonics and restoratives. Kept by all medicine dealers.

I was taken ill in February, 1892, with headache and pain in my back, writes H. G. Giddis, Esq., of 313 South J Street, Tacoma, Wash. "I called in a doctor and he came three times. He said I was bilious but kept getting worse. I took a course of his medicine, but it did not help me. I was so weak that I could not sleep, only by being propped up in bed. My limbs hurt me, and I got so poor that I was just skin and bone. I thought I was going to die. I used two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it made me sound and well. I saved my life."

No remedy relieves constipation so quickly and effectively as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They never gripe.

Just Because He Had To.
"I don't like to do this," said the man with the crow's feet in the corners of his eyes, "but it is either give you a lickin or leave home."
"What's up?" asked the editor.
"I'm Boggs—Mrs. Adelia Walters Bell-Boggs' husband. And she was selected as chairwoman of the Women's Universal Progress Club."

"Well?"
"Well, your fool paper got it 'charwoman.' You see where I am at now, don't you?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Trouble Breaks Out Again.
"You're f'm the south, ain't you?" asked the boy on the other side of the fence.
"Yeh," answered the new boy.
"I know your orsters ain't good where you come f'm."
"Do you?"
"Yeh. You hain't got any 'r' down there."—Chicago Tribune.

She Hadn't the Strength.
They urged her, but she resolutely declined to take her place at the piano. "If you had asked for anything but that Wagner piece," she said, "I might have been prevailed upon to try it, but the doctor has cautioned me to avoid great physical exertion for at least another week."—Chicago Post.

Not at All Worried.
Indignant Constituent—The people are getting roused, sir. Your day is coming. If you look, sir, you can see the handwriting on the wall.
Boodle Alderman—I don't give a darn for no handwriting on walls. De fellows dat's pullin' for me don't read.—Chicago Tribune.

The Coward.
"I told Biggins I could thrash him," boasted little Dicky, swaggering.
"What did he say?"
"Didn't say anything, the coward—at least nothing that I could hear. I hung up the receiver and came away from the telephone."—New York World.

In 1907.
Hewitt—How did that jury agree on a verdict so quickly?
Jewett—Well, you see, they were all women, and one of them happened to tell the others of a mark down sale in town.—New York Journal.

Keeping Up the Role.
"Mrs. Elderly is frightfully affected, isn't she?"
"Affected! Why, I'll bet money she sippers when she's saying her prayers."—Detroit News.

RIO GRANDE & SANTA FE, AND DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R.

The Shortest Route of the World.

Time Table No. 40

EAST BOUND		WEST BOUND	
No. 40.	MILES No. 45.	No. 45.	MILES No. 40.
10:00 a. m. Lv. Santa Fe, Ar.	6:30 p. m.	6:30 p. m.	10:00 a. m.
11:00 a. m. Lv. Española, N. M.	6:45 p. m.	6:45 p. m.	11:00 a. m.
12:00 p. m. Lv. Alamosa, N. M.	7:00 p. m.	7:00 p. m.	12:00 p. m.
1:00 p. m. Lv. Durango, N. M.	7:15 p. m.	7:15 p. m.	1:00 p. m.
2:00 p. m. Lv. Las Alamos, N. M.	7:30 p. m.	7:30 p. m.	2:00 p. m.
3:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, N. M.	7:45 p. m.	7:45 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
4:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, N. M.	8:00 p. m.	8:00 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
5:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, N. M.	8:15 p. m.	8:15 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
6:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, N. M.	8:30 p. m.	8:30 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
7:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, N. M.	8:45 p. m.	8:45 p. m.	7:00 p. m.
8:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, N. M.	9:00 p. m.	9:00 p. m.	8:00 p. m.
9:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, N. M.	9:15 p. m.	9:15 p. m.	9:00 p. m.
10:00 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe, N. M.	9:30 p. m.	9:30 p. m.	10:00 p. m.

Connections with the main line and branches as follows:
At Antonio for Durango, Silverton and all points in the San Juan country. At Alamosa for Jimtown, Creede, Del Norte, Monte Vista and all points in the San Luis valley.
At Salda with main line for all points east and west, including all points on the gold camps of Cripple Creek and Victor.
At Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all Missouri river lines for all points east.
Through passengers from Santa Fe will have reserved berths in sleepers from the Alamosa to the Colorado Springs, and from the Colorado Springs to the Santa Fe.
For further information address the undersigned.
T. J. HILL, General Agent.
Santa Fe, N. M.
S. K. HOOKER, G. P. A.,
Denver, Colo.

SOME LITERARY LEAVES.

They Were Taken at Random From an Author's Notebook.
Patriotic poetry closed two points lower than pork last week and wasn't half as tilling.
The Billville Magazine is a new venture. The editor will accept subscriptions in literary wood and potatoes.
The Literary Diversion society caught a barrel of fish and two moonshine distilleries recently.
The Periodical Magazine has promised to send me a check by the 18th. My creditors, however, take no stock in literature. They tell me my future is too promising.

The Story Magazine has accepted two articles of mine, for which they will pay on publication. But to save me I can't persuade the gas company to have no fears about the gas bill.
I very much fear I'll have to stop burning the midnight oil. I can stand it all right enough, but the grocery man says that he can't.

I have received \$10 in the last three months for two literary articles, but the physicians and undertakers inform me that business is exceedingly dull in our lines.
I have been writing a serial for the Housemaids' Own Magazine, but have struck for higher wages, having left the heroine on a rock 1,000 miles above the sea level, with a mad bull rushing toward her and no tree in sight. If I don't get \$3 more per chapter, she can stay there and take her chances.—Atlanta Constitution.

Log Cabin Philosophy.
De man what follers de mule may git no glory, but nine times out ten he'll have grub when de glory tellers is a-huntin it.
Some folks say der worl' needs a war ter kill off de people, but as ter dat proposition, I'm willin ter leave myself in de han' er providence on de doctors.

It may be dat some sections er de country is needin rain, but we ain't anxious fer a warcloud ter bring it.
Folks holler mighty loud fer war in time er peace, but when war comes de enemy can't locate 'em by der voice.
De man what's always singin at his work may be happy, but de fellows what has ter listen ter him ain't.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Starter.
"Charley!" said Mrs. Snaggs in the middle of the night.
"What did you wake me for?" growled Snaggs.
"Are you really anxious for war and would you go to fight?"
"Certainly I would, but I don't want to be waked up at 2 in the morning to assure you of my patriotism. Let me go to sleep."
"Well, Charley, if you really want to fight, you might begin by taking your revolver and killing that burglar I hear prowling about downstairs."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Wonders of Science.
Lady—Do you take instantaneous photographs?
Photographer—Yes, madam. I can photograph a humming bird on the wing or a swallow in its flight.
Lady—I want my baby's picture taken.
Photographer—Yes, madam. Get the little fellow ready, and I will prepare the chloroform.—New York Weekly.

Doing Europe.
Mr. Gaswell (in Rome)—Well, are you about ready to start back to America?
Mrs. Gaswell—What are you in such a hurry for?
Mr. Gaswell—Damn it, what's the use of staying any longer? The values haven't room on 'em for another blamed tag.—Chicago Tribune.

The Necessary Qualifications.
"Mr. Penn," asked the managing editor, "do you think you could do editorial work?"
"Ah—I don't know," answered the poet and essayist.
"Do you think, for example, that you are sufficiently misinformed to write an able article on the currency question?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Give Up, Spain!
Manhattan—Spain will have no show in a war with the United States now.
Broadway—Why not?
Manhattan—The trolley and cable car companies have offered their services to the government.—New York Journal.

An Impossible Feeling.
Miss Wabash—Oh, dear! I feel awfully blue this morning.
Miss Emerson (of Boston)—How absurd! It is a physical impossibility to become cognizant of colors through the sense of touch.—Chicago News.

Ashamed of Him.



"I declare, Willie, you're de worstest cry baby I ever see!"—New York Journal.

The Highest Test.
"How do you tell a good cigar?"
"It is one that I can smoke without my wife's making a row."—Chicago Record.

Notice for Publication.
(Homestead Entry No. 468.)
LAND OFFICE, SANTA FE, N. M.,
June 8, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register or receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on July 18, 1898, viz: David L. Williams, for the lot 4, sec. 1, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, sec. 14, sec. 2, pt. 27 n. e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Phillip S. Twells, Simon V. Vash, Archibald Lamb, Charles S. Cowan, of Rowe, S. M.
MANUEL R. ORTIZ, Register.

The . . . MAXWELL LAND GRANT,

Situated in New Mexico and Colorado,
On the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe
and Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf

1,500,000 Acres of Land for Sale.

FARMING LANDS UNDER IRRIGATION SYSTEM.
In tracts 20 acres and upward, with perpetual water rights—cheap and on easy terms of 10 annual payments With 7 per cent interest—Alfalfa, Grain and Fruit of all kinds grow to perfection.
CHOICE PRAIRIE OR MOUNTAIN GRAZING LANDS.
Well watered and with good shelter, interspersed with fine ranches suitable for raising grain and fruits—in size of tracts to suit purchasers.

LARGER PASTURES FOR LEASE, for long terms of years, fenced or unfenced; shipping facilities over two railroads.

GOLD MINES.
On this Grant near its western boundary are situated the famous Gold Mining Districts of Elizabethtown and Baldy, where mines have been successfully operated for 25 years, and new rich discoveries were made in 1895 in the vicinity of the new camps of Hematite and Harry Bluff as rich as any camp in Colorado, but with lots of as yet unlocated ground open to prospectors on terms similar to, and as favorable as, the United States Government Laws and Regulation.

Stage leaves every morning, except Sundays, from Springer for these camps.

TITLE perfect, founded on United States Patent and confirmed by decision of the U. S. Supreme Court.

For further particulars and pamphlets apply to.

THE MAXWELL LAND GRANT CO.
Raton, New Mexico

The New Mexican Printing Company

IS THE PLACE FOR

Mercantile Stationery

—MANUFACTURER OF—
Blank Books and Ledgers.

The Timmer House

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

On the European Plan, or Board and Room \$1.50 to \$2 per day. Special rates by the week.

SPACIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

When in Silver City Stop at the Best Hotel.

FRANK E. MILSTED, Prop.